

A N E L E G I E,

Upon the Death of the most Incomparable,
M^{rs}. KATHARINE PHILIPS,
The Glory of Her S^EX.

BUT stay refined Soul! oh! Why so fast?
Stop her you Clouds; the World's in no such
hate
To be undone: 'Tis hardly break of day,
And will She sit so soon; so soon away?
You bright Intelligences, doth she stay
To hear your rowling Musique by the Way
Set to her charming numbers; Wherein she
Distill'd the Quintessence of Poesie?
Or doth she bayte at the Chrystalline Skye?
We'l on the Wings of adoration flye
And follow her, and leave this gloomy shade
Which doth our sad Horizon thus invade;
Now She hath snatch'd with her all Vertue's light,
And left the World invol'd in endlesse Night.
She, who in Tragique buskins drest the Stage,
Taught Honour, Love, and Friendship to this Age;
Is gone to act her Part in bright attire,
With Scenes of Glory, in th' Angelic; Quire.
She Taught the World the sweet and peaceful Arts
Of blending Souls, and of compounding hearts;
Without th' ingredients of reserv'd intents,
Hypocrities, and windy complements.
She taught a Way, and that a glorious one,
Not how to gain, but be above a Throne:
Self-conquest is more glory, than to ride
In Roman Triumphs, with *Emilian* Pride.
Her inward Pomp, through her Flethy Shrowd
Did like the Sun oft glitter thorough a Cloud.
Her Vertues were in Conversation drawn,
And shew like Arras, through transparent Laun.
But ah! her Friend, that in her Bosom came,
Lay wrapt in Spices, in a purer Flame
Than that the *Phoenix* dyes in. Now she's gone!
Here, *Plato*! here's thy wish't for Vision!
When she put off her Clay, thou might'st have seen
Vertue undrest, just like a Naked Queen.
Thou would'st not then contemplate any more
Thy Dusky vain *Idea*, nor would'st pore
On such fictitious Blifs; but here should'st ply
The summe of thy Divine Philosophy.
But is she gone, said I? It cannot be;
She who espous'd all Immortality:
But read her Lines, you'd think that such a Soul
Could her Imperious Destiny controul:
That so Sublime, so brave a Mind, could soon
Vault o're that Fate, that rules below the Moon.
Ah! 't must not be! *Death* vizards Humane Glory,
And writes a period to the finest Story.
This Prodigie of Nature now is gone,
And left Us wrapt in Admiration
That she could dye; as we're before to see
That such Perfection in her Sex could be.
As for her Name, let that b' inshrin'd above
In some Bright Temple, of Celestial Love;
Whither our Winged Thoughts may often stray,
As Soaring Pilgrims Adoration pay.

And whilest her Sparkling Soul is Orb'd in Light,
And reads her old *Ideas* in more bright
And fair Impressions, in th' *Etherial* Mind,
Than those brief Copies that she left behind:
We will commit her ever Sacred Dust
Not to the Marble's, but *Apollo's* Trust.
And *Poets* Ghosts shall from *Elizium* come,
To hear Bright Angels warble in her Tomb
Her high-born Songs; which hence shall Envy fan,
And Soaring Fame shall be her Guardian.
Instead of Tapers, where shall ever burn
Th' inflamed Hearts of Lovers in her Urn.
And since our short-wing'd Pray'rs are come too late,
And she must bow to th' Tyranny of Fate;
Her Noble Thoughts, that fixt on bravest Theams,
Shall vapour forth in Sublimated Streams
Of Honour; Which Heroique Breasts shall draw,
Whose Swords and Pens must give the World a Law.
Her Sacred Dust, calcin'd by Time, shall be
The Richest Filings of high Poesie.
And from her Brain, and Muses Tears, shall spring,
Posies for each chaste Lovers Wedding Ring.
Her all dispers'd, at last shall meet in one,
And shine a Glorious Constellation.

By J. C.

Her EPITAPH.

A Sparkling Angel was of late
Toying with the Bands of Fate;
He left the Quire, and came below,
And strove to walk Incognito.
To write, and live, like us he try'd;
But when he saw that he was spy'd,
He made the world believe he dy'd;
And hid himself behind this Tomb,
which is Death's shady Dining-Room.

Another.

ALL that the World could boast of, here is found
Under this Tomb, so Mines run under Ground;
Love, Honour, Friendship, and Sublimest Wit,
Are here leapt off the Stage into the Pit.
Fine Shews and Scenes they are, but vanish all
When, from Dark Clouds, Fate lets a Curtain fall.
The Play is ended, and the Musique's done,
The Curtain's here let fall, and she is gone.
Let's often think of Death, which thus we see
Can cloze up Natures rarest Harmony:
Let's strive the Great Spectator most to please,
And Angels then will give us Plaudite's. 198.